

Promposal

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Summary: Its prom season. Everyone is scrambling to get dates, dresses, and corsages. Bella's boyfriend, Edward, seems too casual for it all. Will Bella take matters into her own hands or get totally surprised?

Promposal

****Hello.** This is my second time writing and I didn't say anything to you in my last story. Everything is owned by Stephanie Meyer. Not me. Hope you enjoy me one-shot. Also if anyone wanted to help me on my other story First Meeting that would be great. I am having a hard time coming up with ideas and need a little push. Hope you like it!******

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><p>It was April. The season of sports, ACT score, and most importantly, prom. My boyfriend Edward hasn't even touched on the subject at all and I was getting worried. It wasn't that he wouldn't go with me, but more along the lines of that he just plain forgot. It wouldn't be the first time he has forgot something like this. I was the one to ask him to our winter formal, which was a little embarrassing to be honest.<p>

We had been dating for a year and a half. It was our junior year in high school. We knew each other through school and were harboring big crushes on each other without knowing it. I would look at him thoughtfully during our chemistry class, while he would daydream about us together in his english class. I was on the soccer team and he was in track. During practice he and his buddies would go for a run for a warm up and go right by the soccer fields. I would notice him and he would notice me. He would casually wave to me while I would blush and smile back.

This went on for a month or so and he got the courage to ask me on a date. We had grown together through the time we have been together. I

never knew how being in love felt. I haven't said the words yet, but they are there in everything that I do for Edward. He brings out the best in me and me him. He says that I am his sunshine. The world can't live without me and neither can he.

I was walking home alone after school today because Edward had something to do that was important. I think he said it was some school thing. School was my worst nightmare. I hated being away from Edward during most of my classes. It was pure torture. A lot of people were jealous of our relationship. They didn't know how to be accepting of the fact that we were just supposed to be together.

Edward and I were best friends. We told each other all of our secrets and bad stuff about each other. There wasn't a thing that we didn't know about each other. I loved almost everything about him. I loved his wild and wacky hair. His adorable charm that he used on me any chance he got. The way he looked into my eyes like he was seeing my soul. I just loved him. I hoped that he felt the same. I couldn't think of what would happen to us if he didn't really like me that way. I have always had these issues of trust and insecurity with myself. My self conscious just couldn't leave what was good alone and stop analyzing things. It was something that I had overcome a lot with Edward. He helped me to see that I was truly beautiful in every single way and to appreciate what others do for me once and awhile.

I was brought out of my thoughts when the bell for the end of the day rang. I slowly walked to my locker dreading my trip home. Edward took me home in his car most days and I enjoyed it immensely. It meant more time together and that was great for me.

As I opened my locker my friend Angela came up behind me. She really was my best friend. She had been for a long time. We talked about everything, even the stuff I couldn't talk to Edward about.

"Hey Bella. You'll never guessed what Ben just asked me." Oh Angela, I could guess. She and Ben had been catching each other's eyes for a while now and she just couldn't shut up about it.

"What? Must be pretty exciting by the way you're bouncing."

"Yeah. He asked me to prom! I can't believe it. I was thinking that He really didn't see me in that way, but he passes me a note during class that said 'prom?' and of course I said yes!" She went on for another ten minutes about their plans together and what she was going to wear bla bla bla. Don't get me wrong, I am happy for her. I just am really jealous that she is actually going to the prom with someone. Even though I do have a boyfriend I don't even know if I am going.

"That's great Angela. I am really happy for you, but I gotta get home. I'll call you later." And with that I left.

Why couldn't Edward just go out and say it. I knew we would go together, but was it too much to ask that I be asked to prom. A girl does like to be treated well once and awhile. I mean we were dating for crying out loud. It wasn't marriage or anything. As I was walking home I was going over why Edward was at fault for the whole thing. Then I had an epiphany. I knew Edward liked it when I would take him

out on dates or be the one to initiate things. Why couldn't I ask him. It isn't so hard. After all this is the twentieth century and I am a strong woman. I could look up fun ideas.

As I walked I kicked rocks and sticks that were near my feet. I planned to ask him with new running shoes and on the box it would say 'This thought has been running through my mind. Prom?'. He needed new running shoes for track and he would love the gesture. When my foot was about to kick another rock I saw a colour across the sidewalk. It was words.

At first glance I thought that it was some kid's drawing, but it was a message.

It said _7 reasons why I want to go to prom with you_. I was curious about what was next so I read on. The next one said _1. You're my best friend_. I then read the ones that followed. _2. I'm mad for your brain, 3. You're my light in the sky, sunshine, 4. I adore your personality, 5. Your kisses are like drugs, 6. I love your smile, 7. And I love you even more_. At the end of the sidewalk was Edward holding a couple of balloons and a sign that said _Prom?_.

"I love everything about you, sunshine. My love. You make me happier than I have ever been. I could be no happier if you would go to prom with me." He just stood there with a look of longing and hopefulness. I couldn't take that away from him. So I did the only thing I could think of. I ran. Towards him and into his arms yelling, "Yes, Yes, Yes, Yes, YES!" He smile then was as big as his face and he began to spin me around. We were laughing the whole time.

"Sunshine, you are the world to me. I love you more than I can express. I only want to be with you." In that moment I couldn't think of any words to say my thanks back to him but, "I love you, too."

End
file.